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...of the House, and approach itself to the House
KING, to more mind, and to more strength, though
at the expense of their fellow-subjects, than
...we think it time to
...if possible, by the House of Commons and
...we hope, being by
...the House of Commons in 1789
...to make us truly free again.

THE
Groans of France
In SLAVERY,
Gasping after LIBERTY.

Done out of French.

WHEN such a powerful *Confederacy* was
form'd against our King, We who are
not so much as suffer'd to *speak* of Liberty
our selves, did hope that our Deliverance
was at hand: But now, after six Years Experience,
finding the Policy of a Neighbour Nation (from whom
alone, under God, we expect Exemption from our Servi-
tude) so much off the Hooks, that those among them
A who

who sit at the Helm, and approach nearest to their Brave KING, do more mind Enriching themselves, though at the expensive Ruine of their Fellow-Subjects, than Conquering their Enemies. Now, we think it time to speak, and, if possible, by our lamentable Groans and Cryes, to awaken those who are, we hope, design'd by God Almighty to set us miserable Creatures in *Statu quo*, and to make us truly *Franks* again.

Can any Christian, without Remorse and Pain, hear the Miseries of our Poor, that wander about the Streets, even of *Paris* it self, to rake the Dunghills for dead Horses, wherewith to feed their raging Stomachs? The Form and Mildness of our ancient Government is quite lost: and although neither We nor our Ancestors have ever yet given the King any one authentic Title to our Privileges; yet we have a Yoke impos'd upon us, that is more cruel and insupportable than that which the *Grand Signior* and *Great Mogull* impose upon their Slaves.

Our Tyrant would, if possible, hinder us from seeing Liberty enjoyed by others; which has oblig'd him for so many Years to endeavour, with so much Obstinacy, to make the *English* and *Dutch* our Companions in Slavery. He cannot bear the Neighbourhood of a Nation that has always asserted its Privileges with a great deal of Vigour: Nor is he less prejudic'd against another, that had the Courage to shake off its Fetters. But since he has failed to Enslave *Them*, we hope the time is come when Providence will set Us Free; for all good Frenchmen are in love with the Constitution of the *English* Government, and hope, ere long, to settle one like it at Home; which, after all, will be only our own Ancient Form of Government.

vernment restor'd: Our Court-Pensioners in England and Holland, as we hear, give out, That we are enamour'd of our Bondage, in love with our Chains; and like a Pack-Horse pleas'd with his Bells, goe merrily with the Burthen that is laid upon us; and that our Riches are inexhaustible, and We as able and willing to part with our Money, as the English and Dutch are to part with theirs. But we hope our Neighbours will not be impos'd upon so grossly: Though we have lost our Liberty, we are not utterly bereav'd of common Sense. The Pack-Horse will not carry his Load very cheerfully, if he have not Provender and Hay at Night, as well as his Bells in the Day. Can the Confederates be ignorant of the Dissatisfaction of the Nobility, Gentry, and Third Estate, which is so notorious in Paris, and all the Great Cities, especially in this Kingdom? Have they not heard in England and Holland, how vastly our King's Revenues are diminish'd? And as our Nobles have not Money to spare for Wine, so our Common People want a Denier to buy 'em Bread. Our Fields lie Untilled, and are almost turn'd to Desarts; an infinite number of People are dead of Cold, Hunger, and other Distempers, now Epidemical in France; those Towns which we have known in a flourishing Condition, and well Peopled, are now ruin'd and abandon'd by their Inhabitants, most of the Tradesmen being gone for Soldiers, or reduced to Beggary.

What shall we do now? Whereby shall we put an end to all this Misery? Shall we entreat the King to call a General Meeting of the Estates of the Realm? But who dares undertake to present our Petition to him? Shall the Princes of the Blood? There is not

one amongst them that dares offer his Majesty the least Remonstrance? Shall the Dukes and Peers of France, or the Officers of the Crown? They would most certainly be rewarded with a Lodging in the Bastile; and there are too many base Complainers, that would help to drag them thither. Should the Parliament of Paris go in a Body, with their Primeir-President before them; the Heads of that Assembly would be punish'd as Seditious Traytors. Should it be presented by the Inhabitants of Paris, and the rest of the great Cities, we should see Gibbets erected In every Corner of the Streets, and the Troops of the Household sent to devour that small Pittance of Maintenance which is yet left to maintain their Wives and Children. Our poor and ill pay'd Officers would barbarously pillage the Houses of those Persons, who could be accus'd of no other Crime, than endeavouring to preserve that little remainder of Liberty which they seem still to enjoy.

Formerly, whenever our Kings acted contrary to the Privileges of the Kingdom, the Nobility and People appeal'd to the General Assembly of Estates, and joyn'd in Leagues to oppose them: But now we have none left in France, but Young Lads, or extreme Old Men, or Shadows of a Middle Age, so fatigued for the Glory of our Grand Monarch, that they are sent Home to be recover'd and nurs'd up, or rather, to encrease our Misery, by augmenting the Number of our Indigents. Our Noblemens Houses want their Lords and Masters, who have been subtilly engaged into that Chargeable way of living, that they are now forc'd to make the Camp their Refuge, and leave

leave their miserable Ladies to be attended by an Equipage fit only for an Hospital.

Our In-land Cities have no Cannon to defend them; they are sent to mend the Barriers, and fortifie the Frontiers of our Maritime Towns: And our Burghers are not suffer'd even to repair our decayed Walls; 'tis enough for them to erect Statues for the King, or to cause Inscriptions to be engraven in Honour of that *Immortal Man*!

The Fortifications and numerous Garrisons of *Casal*, *Strasbourg*, and other Frontier Places, have as well drain'd our Men as Money, to that degree, that our *Ban* and *Arrier-Ban* must be composed of Women, or Non-Entities. But one great Fetch we have, and that is, to obtain Contribution from our Friends in *England*, or Ransom for Prisoners taken in Prizes, whereby we bribe some in all the Courts of the *Confederates*, so as to prevail that the War shall be drawn out in length, and their numerous Armies kept only to amuse our Frontiers, their Efforts spent in Bombing our Maritime Towns; But not a word of Invading our undefensive Continent: No; should such measures be taken, the War wou'd soon be ended. But then those that made Merchandise of their several Countries and Commonwealths, would have their Trade destroy'd. How glorious a Part we acted, when the *English* made their last Descent! Their Orders were positive to land at an appointed Place; and we not daring to trust our faint dispirited *Ban* and *Arrier-Ban*, detach'd old Soldiers from the Frontiers, and with Thirty thousand old Soldiers, and a good Tire of Cannon, kill'd and put to flight Five hundred *English*.

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English-men. 'Tis like one of the Victories of
Lewis the Fourteenth.

But let the *English* have a care; for if they e're
shou'd land, although the best Men of our Militia
are sent away to re-inforce our Army on the Fron-
tiers; and though our Towns are Peopled rather
with Skeletons than Men; our Brave Nobles absent;
our Cities without Men, Walls or Cannon: yet our
grand puissant Monarch, accompany'd with his Bro-
ther of *Great-Britain* (Hero's of equal approved For-
titude) with Regiments of Mistresses, and Troops
of Financiers, and all the stately Statues and Figures
of our Terrestrial Deity, will be ready to oppose
them. Who knows but the Statues may turn *Talis-
mans*? and the Blind and the Lame may confound the
English and *Dutch*?

But alas, this is not a time for Mirth! Oh, that
we had but some Carrier Pigeons to send into *England*,
to let those Brave Men, who have so often recover'd
their near lost Liberty, know, that we are not such
Mad-men as they are made believe; we are not de-
sirous to perpetuate our Slavery: If they will leave
us free to enjoy our Religion (which indeed we do
not deserve, considering what Properties we suffer'd
our selves to be made, in Persecuting those of the Re-
formation,) if they will lay aside that fond Design,
of making us a Province under them, but will allow
us to chuse a King of our own, who yet shall pay
some small Acknowledgment to their Monarch:
and if they will be sure not to fail us, and leave us to
the Wheel and Gibbet for our Good-will to them;
then they shall see the bravest of our Armies desert,
our

our exhausted Kingdom make them a Noble Present of their Gratitude; which shall make all Taxes and Excises cease with them, and Europe shall once more enjoy Tranquillity; their Trade and ours shall be restored, and not interfere; and we will turn our Armies and our Fleets against the Enemies of the Christian Name, or against those base Neuters, who have so long contributed toward our more than intolerable Bondage.

But where shall we obtain those *Carrier-Pigeons*? I have it, *Tont pro Tont*. I will go a Privateering; that will delude our *Argus*: or I will bespeak some Wool unwrought, or pretend a Message to the Malecontents, the *Jacobites* of *Great-Britain*: and if they will not hearken to this Call, which will put an end to their Miseries and our own; then I will cry out with *Tiberius*, — *O Homines ad servitutem paratos!* — I will shake the Dust from off my Feet, and throw my self headlong off some Cliff, into the Sea, to be a Meal for some of *Neptune's* Subjects, rather than longer endure the Tyranny of *Lewis the Fourteenth*.

Before I conclude; one late Accident occurring to my mind, I will relate: An English Vessel, either a Privateer or a Merchant-man, happening lately to be wreckt on our Coast, about forty of its Crew got on shore, well arm'd, many of them, in their Boats; and another Spy-Boat, having had the fortune to escape not far off, two or three happening to come in sight of those *English*, and to be pursued by them, who posted away to *Paris*, to which they were bound, brought the dreaded News, That the *Confederates* were Landed. Which alarm'd *Paris* and *Versailles* with

with different Sentiments: The first wish'd that they brought Bread and Succour: The other dreaded the Report, and were struck with such a Pannick Fear, that I verily believe, had Two hundred bold Men landed with good store of Provisions, they would have gather'd up our Half-starv'd Countrymen, and encreas'd like a Snow-Ball; and our Illustrious Monarch (*the Plague of all Mankind*) wou'd have ended our Misery by a *French Abdication*.

FINIS.
